



I-7



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

<https://archive.org/details/lifelightforwome444woma>



THE AINTAB HOSPITAL AND ITS WORK

(See page 155.)

Life and Light

Vol. XLIV.

APRIL, 1914.

No. 4.

An Easter Message

By Mrs. S. B. Capron



THE RETURN of our Lord Jesus to his earthly friends from whom he had been cruelly driven was silent and majestic. It would seem as if Heaven alone was to have the vision of that mighty victory over the power of darkness. When he returns to earth again he will come with all the magnificence of the King of kings and Lord of lords. Wonderful as was the hiding of the divine glory during his lonely walks in Galilee and Judea, still more wonderful it was that he should clothe himself with mighty restraint on his resurrection day, and tarry yet forty days before going to the glory which he had left and which awaited him. He did not hasten to take up all the activities of bringing the whole earth within the reach of his redeeming love. He chose rather to delay that he might assure his faithful followers down the ages to come that he was the comprehending, personal friend as well as a great Redeemer. We

enter into the appearances of our Lord to his own chosen ones, and, straining our spiritual vision to behold the veiled divine glory, we are silent in wonder and adoration at the tender and exquisite touch of each manifestation. We see love and love only breaking through each unerring comprehension of personality and beautifully winning the return of faith and trust. These are the gifts which he seeks, and for our sakes also did he tarry those forty days. It is when we place ourselves beside the Lord Jesus that we enter into the depth of meaning of these scenes. They carry a sacred solemnity on to joyful adoration. We, too, say, "My Lord and my God."

The Lord Jesus knew, how well he knew, that many a troubled spirit would fail to trace him when he should have returned to his glory, as being too far away. In sweet, winning attractiveness he tarried. Tears of longings, doubtings, sorrow over bitter defeats and temptations, eager service and searching for truth—all melted away into the great revelation of this very same Jesus.

In the beautiful morning scene on the shore of the Sea of Galilee the Lord has revealed to us his comprehension of our material needs and the adding of his helpfulness in providing for them. How winsome the quiet waiting on the water edge while he watched the response to his cheery counsel. And then, as if in quick sympathy with that naturally eager desire to know the gains, he quietly waits till all the fishes are counted. It is not without intent that we have this sidelight of our now great and glorious Master, that the record of an hundred and fifty and three fishes has been written. We are to know and believe that he cares for the details of our daily lives. He will wait until we have done our daily duties and then we shall find ready his "Come and I will refresh you." The fish on the fire of coals and the bread, and the asking one evening for a remnant of the meal that he might eat before the startled disciples are seals of his humanity. It is a condescension that should assure us of his untiring effort to make himself a living reality. He asks in return our love and our service.

Then came the beautiful Ascension. Giving his great commands and the assurance of his continued presence, God's dear Son passed out of sight of the gathered faithful and is still the very same blessed Lord Jesus.

◆◆◆

And do not fear to hope. Can poet's brain
More than the Father's heart rich good invent?
Each time we smell the autumn's dying scent
We know the primrose time will come again;
Not more we hope, nor less would soothe our pain.
Be bounteous in your faith, for not misspent
Is confidence unto the Father lent;
Thy need is sown and rooted for his rain,
His thoughts are as thine own; nor are his ways
Other than thine but by their loftier sense
Of beauty infinite and love intense.
Work on! One day, beyond all thought of praise
A sunny joy will crown thee with its rays;
Nor other than thy need, thy recompense!

—George MacDonald.

FRANCES E. WASHBURN

WORDS are inadequate to portray the beauty of the soul that dwelt within that modest exterior. The soft voice, the gentle manner, the self-forgetful spirit, demanded no attention, and never gave a hint of possible omission if others were oftener brought to the fore. True to her heritage and Mount Holyoke training, it seemed natural that in her girlhood she should choose the foreign field, and in 1872 she went to Turkey, where for eleven years she was associated with Miss Fritcher in the Marsovan Girls' Boarding School. Not a born leader, she always acknowledged the precedence of those appointed as guides, and with untiring faithfulness carried out their plans in which she cordially co-operated. She loved to teach, and the warm place which she made for herself in the hearts of her pupils proved itself in the fruits of her influence. She was a well-beloved member of the missionary circle, and they all especially valued the prayers in which her voice led.

Having returned to this country in 1883 for rest and the recuperation which was slow in its coming, she bravely faced the final decision that her work henceforth must be here. She was not, however, to put off the old armor, and the door which she saw ajar in the Woman's Board Rooms one day swung wide open, and she entered to bless ever after her associates there with her beautiful ministrations. The secretary whom she especially aided can never cease to be grateful for the loving devotion of the twenty-one years that followed, and recalls with hearty appreciation the faithful diversified assistance which made her burdens lighter. It was a most helpful work, especially in furnishing to the constituency the information which they needed and sometimes clamored for. She knew where it could be found and readily gave it shape. Although the daily round may sometimes have been tedious it never brought a frown to her face or a cross word from her lips. It was beautiful service to those she loved, in a cause very dear to her heart, and was all done as unto the Lord.

One night she went home expecting to come again the next day, but the privilege never returned, and now for nearly four years she has accepted the restrictions of invalidism, grateful for the untiring sisterly devotion which blessed her pleasant home and waiting for what might come. Sunday morning, February 15, she met the fulfillment of her unshaken faith, and joined the ranks of the innumerable company of friends from Turkey and America who had gone before. The service in the Medford home on the following Tuesday was conducted by Rev. Henry F. Smith, son of Marsovan missionaries, who in his boyhood, with other missionary children, had known and loved her as "Aunt Fanny." Our ears seem to catch the echo of a blessed "well done" to which a host of loving hearts make glad response.

E. H. S.

Letters regarding the last days of Dr. S. B. Capen, the news of whose death in Shanghai has caused wide-spread sorrow, are being received with each mail at the time of this writing. The first word **Letters Regarding Dr. Capen.** came in a letter from Miss Bridgman written to her brother, Dr. Howard A. Bridgman. Members of the Deputation arrived in Shanghai, January 24, after a comfortable journey, and on Sunday morning, the 25th, Dr. Capen delivered a stirring address at the Union Church. "He never spoke better," says one writer. He was taken ill Monday morning with a fainting spell and high temperature, and on Wednesday, for better care, was removed to the Victoria Nursing Hospital. Symptoms of pneumonia appeared Thursday morning but he was not considered critically ill. Thursday afternoon he spoke of the trip as "the Lord's trip," and said that all would be for the best. On the evening of that day the heart faltered, he became unconscious and a little after 1 A. M. on the 30th he peacefully passed into life eternal. A service conducted by Rev. Wyun C. Fairfield, assisted by Bishop Bashford of the Methodist Episcopal Church, formerly a minister at Jamaica Plain and a warm friend of Dr. Capen, was attended by about forty-five friends. Of this service Miss Bridgman writes:—

"It is one thing to sing, 'Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away,' when seated in your own New England home or church. It is quite another matter when over in China, with thirty-five or forty others all far from the old home; if the voices faltered, who can wonder? But after Bishop Bashford's strong, tender prayer, 'For all thy saints' rang out in triumph the closing hymn. He likened Dr. Capen to a warrior who has died at the front, and gone to his reward, where even now in those two days he may have learned about the ultimate coming of the Kingdom for which he fought and worked here."

Flowers beautifully arranged by Mrs. Elwood G. Tewksbury, formerly of the American Board Mission in Tung-chow and by other friends, covered the casket. The cremation of the body followed this service and the wife and daughter with wonderful courage and faith planned to go on with the friends to the end of the tour. Dr. Strong was in Shansi and the Halls in Peking, but Miss Bridgman and Miss Bodman who were in Nanking returned on the 30th to be with Mrs. Capen and Mary. If present plans are carried out, the party will probably arrive in Boston about the last of April.

A memorial service was held in Shanghai February 1; one at Broadway Tabernacle in New York, Sunday, February 22, and another at the Old South Church in Boston, March 7, where Dr. George A. Gordon pre-

sided and Rev. Chauncey A. Hawkins assisted in the devotional service; Dr. Barton represented the American Board; Mr. Edwin Mead, the Peace Movement; Bishop Lawrence, Wellesley College; Colonel Halford, the Laymen's Missionary Movement; and George S. Smith, the Chamber of Commerce.

The *Missionary Herald* for March gives striking testimony from various sources of the many-sided, whole-souled service of Dr. Capen in the multi-form Christian activities of his life. There is a sense in which such a coronation on the field of battle seems a most fitting ending for the earthly life of this great and greatly beloved man.

Miss Cornelia Judson of Matsuyama, Japan, has arrived in this country and is making her headquarters with family friends at Stratford, Conn.

Missionary Dr. and Mrs. Robert Ernest Hume, to the regret of their **Personals** associates, have terminated their work with the Marathi Mission and are now on their way to New York, where Dr. Hume has accepted a professorship in the Union Theological Seminary. They will spend some weeks in Europe *en route*.

News of the serious illness of Mrs. Stanley Emrich of Mardin, Turkey, also of the older son, Duncan, from malarial fever, has been received. The many friends of this family will sympathize with them in this trouble and will be glad to know that later letters bring news of convalescence.

It is now definitely planned to remove the American College for Girls from its present inadequate building in Scutari, Constantinople, to its beautiful new quarters in Arnaoutkeui in April.

Letters sent in December to all senior auxiliaries, asking that a solicitor be appointed to secure new subscriptions for LIFE AND LIGHT, and to urge

The Honor the prompt renewal of old subscribers, met with hearty re-
Roll. sponse from many, and scores of letters assuring us such an officer had been or would soon be appointed gave the Editorial Committee much satisfaction. In this letter it was stated that all societies reporting by March 1 one half of their membership as subscribers would be placed on an Honor Roll, to be printed in the April magazine. Up to date six societies have so reported. They are as follows:—

Auxiliaries.	Members.	Subscribers.
<i>Auburndale, Mass.</i>	55	29
<i>Dudley, Mass.</i>	13	7
<i>Hingham Centre, Mass.</i>	16	9
<i>Spencer, Mass.</i>	28	15
<i>New Canaan, Conn.</i>	25	16
<i>Plainfield, Conn.</i>	35	22

There are doubtless many other societies entitled to a place on this roll, among them Central Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., with a club of one hundred subscribers; Second Church, New London, Conn., with nearly one hundred; and possibly two of the New Haven churches. Additions to this Honor Roll will be welcomed and will be published in the July number.

The March Friday meeting was of special interest. Mrs. Herbert W. Boyd of East Bridgewater presided; Mrs. M. W. Ennis of West Africa, Miss Meeting and Perkins of Foochow, and Dr. Katherine Scott, recently Other Meetings. returned from a year of service in the Madura Hospital, gave the missionary addresses, and Miss Lamson took up current events, dwelling especially on the lessons connected with Dr. Capen's death.

The Suffolk Branch held its annual meeting March 3 in Eliot Church, Newton, with a good attendance and program. The treasurer, Mrs. F. G. Cook, reported \$18,940 as the receipts for regular work during the year 1913-14. "The Standard of Excellence" presented by Mrs. S. L. Blake, gives opportunity for much righteous competition for the "points of honor" during the year 1914. Missionary addresses by Miss Perkins and Miss Daniels were full of interest. Mrs. John Howland led the beautiful Service of Intercession. The closing address was given by Mr. Kasai of Kofu, Japan, a Harvard student, on "The History of Christianity in Japan." Mrs. E. S. Tead presided throughout the day. The young ladies of Suffolk Branch met for their annual rally with the Guild of Mt. Vernon Church, Saturday afternoon, February 28. After a dainty luncheon they listened to a splendid program arranged by Miss Florence Davis of West Roxbury, secretary for the young ladies' societies in Suffolk Branch. Miss Perkins spoke on "China's Undeveloped Resources," which being interpreted proved to be *China's Women*. Miss Feng Liu, a Chinese Wellesley student, reported the Kansas City Convention, and Dr. Raymond Calkins gave a strong address on "God's Need of You." Miss Loraine Washburn gave a report which showed the progress made during the year by the Junior Societies. Mrs. S. L. Blake led the Covenant Service.

The midwinter meeting of the Worcester County Branch held with the West Boylston Church, February 26, was encouraging in point of numbers and interest. Addresses were made by Miss Calder and Miss Perkins.

Plans are making for a conference of Branch officers and a Golden Anniversary Gift luncheon to be held in Boston, April 22 and 23. Details will be given the Branches by letter.

The dates of the Northfield Summer School for 1914 are July 10 to 17.

Circulars giving particulars may be obtained by application to Miss Helen B. Calder.

The semi-annual meeting of the Woman's Board will be held May 14 Semi-annual with the Congregational Church of Concord, Mass. Luncheon Meeting. served at 25 cents. The time, place and program to be enjoyed should insure a large attendance from all this section.

A recent article by Dr. Harlan P. Beach—see *Missionary Herald* for March—gives much information of the recent action of Yuan Shih Kai in Confucianism ordering the Administrative Council to re-establish Confucianism as the state religion of China. Dr. Beach says: "Until further details are received, no positive judgment nor certain prophecy is possible. Certainly many of China's leaders feel the need of some religion. Since the modern educational movement began, and particularly after the revolution, Buddhist and Taoist temples have quite generally been used as schoolhouses, and in many cases the idols contained therein have been destroyed. The priests of those faiths realize that their occupation may soon be gone, and are attempting to rejuvenate their tenets and ritual practices. Moreover, the new doctrine of liberty has given them hope, and Taoists, Moslems and Buddhists alike desire religious rights."

In the current number of *The Missionary Review*, Dr. Arthur H. Smith discusses the same question under the title, "A State Religion for China."

The lectures on the Hyde Foundation at Harvard for 1913-1914 will be given by Dr. John R. Mott on the general theme, "Forces to be Used Lectures by for the World's Evangelization." The dates are March 25-Dr. Mott. April 1, and the lectures will be given in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, at 4.30 p. m., and are open to the public.

THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD

RECEIPTS FROM FEBRUARY 1 TO MARCH 1, 1914

	For Regular Work.	For Buildings.	For Special Objects.	From Legacies.	Total.
1913	\$4,994.51	\$2,753.20	\$101.25	\$285.00	\$8,133.96
1914	8,081.69	1,400.67	108.27	8,050.00	17,640.63
Gain	3,087.18		7.02	7,765.00	9,506.67
Loss		1,352.53			

OCTOBER 18, 1913 TO MARCH 1, 1914

1913	42,177.23	19,903.70	1,078.41	9,463.76	72,623.10
1914	38,990.44	27,169.15	900.02	14,088.25	81,147.86
Gain		7,265.45		4,624.49	8,524.76
Loss	3,186.79		178.39		

OUR STEWARDSHIP

BY MRS. FRANK GAYLORD COOK

A STEWARD, our lexicons tell us, "is a person entrusted with the management of estates or affairs not his own; one who manages or disburses for another." Such were the stewards of whom Christ speaks in the parable of the Faithful and the Unfaithful Servants (Luke 12) and the parable of the Unrighteous Steward (Luke 16). When we look, however, for the lesson our Lord would teach in these parables we find him saying: "He that is faithful in a very little is faithful also in much; and he that is unrighteous in a very little is unrighteous also in much." "To whomsoever much is given of him shall much be required; and to whom they commit much, of him shall they ask the more." Faithfulness in the whole conduct of life and not simply in the management of an earthly estate is the truth our Lord would inculcate.

As we turn the pages of our New Testament to the Epistles we find the word steward several times, but not once is it used in the sense in which we most frequently use it to-day. Of what, then, do these writers tell us we are stewards? St. Paul says that necessity is laid upon him to preach the gospel because he has a stewardship intrusted to him. (I Cor. ix. 16) Again he says: "Let a man so account of us, as of ministers of Christ and stewards of the mysteries of God." (I Cor. iv. 1.) St. Peter says: "According as each hath received a gift, ministering it among yourselves, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God." (I Pet. iv. 10.) Stewards of the gospel; stewards of the mysteries of God; stewards of the manifold grace of God. What does this mean but that God has entrusted to us, not simply the management and disbursement of his silver and of his gold, but that he has entrusted to us the management of his whole kingdom upon earth? Our study of *The King's Business* this year is simply another way of saying that we are studying how best we may fulfill the stewardship our King has committed to us.

We do well, it seems to me, to linger and to ponder over this comprehensiveness of our stewardship. Surely the lack of a sense of stewardship of the divine mysteries, the lack of a sense of stewardship of the manifold grace of God is too often lacking in our midst. Is it not true that many who call themselves Christians take the gospel simply as a gift and not as a trust? They are thankful for the comfort and for the edification which it brings to them, but they have no thought of sharing its blessings. One's imagination likes to play with the question of what would happen if every-

one who has consciously accepted salvation from Christ felt that he had something not simply to enjoy but to share.

Why is it, then, if stewardship is thus inclusive that the word stewardship almost invariably suggests the thought of money? Is it not because our money is so much a part of us? The way we expend our means betrays our interests; our use of our money interprets our personality; our stewardship of temporal things is likely to indicate our attitude toward our stewardship of divine things. Or, as Christ says in the parable above referred to: "If therefore ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon who will commit to your trust the true riches?" (Luke xvi. 11.)

Confining ourselves now to this most limited but common use of the term stewardship we can touch only briefly upon two or three points which may help us as we try adequately to administer this trust. In studying the subject of money-giving one naturally turns to the eighth and ninth chapters of 11 Corinthians,—those chapters so stimulating both to thought and to action. In these chapters giving is six times spoken of as a "grace." When the word grace is applied to God it refers to his undeserved favor to us; when the word grace is applied to us it indicates that which God's grace in us enables us to do. The perusal of these two chapters with this thought in mind is most suggestive. The only way we can give out of our bounty as God would have us give is by his enabling grace, even by his spirit within us.

In these same chapters St. Paul speaks of giving as a test of the sincerity of the Corinthians' love. Those of us who have, at best, only little that we can give are inclined, at first, to shrink from the thought that the amount given shall prove the intensity of our love. Second thought, however, reminds us of the scorn with which Christ saw the rich men who carelessly or proudly gave out of their abundance,—reminds us of the joy he took in the seemingly meagre gift of the woman who gave her all. "He marks our gifts not by the amount of the gift, but by its cost to the giver." The love test asks this question: "What does the way we as Christians use our money indicate—the more love for ourselves or the more love for Him?" It is the proportion at which He looks.

Back, however, of dependence upon God for grace to give, and grace to give "according to our power, yea, and beyond our power," is the essential need to examine the motive of the gift. How much giving is from a sense of duty? how much, because one is expected to give? how much, in response to a special appeal? How much of it is the giving that "profiteth nothing" because it is without love? In the little book *Over*

Against the Treasury" the author, Courtenay H. Fenn, treats in a manner that stirs the heart to its depths this question of motive. We are here told the story of a pastor who, by means of a dream, becomes as conscious of his Saviour's presence as though he could see the visible form. He succeeds in sharing this consciousness with his congregation. Minister and people are alike transformed. As they see their living Lord sitting over against the treasury,—the treasury into which they are casting not alone of their money, but of their time, of their talents and of their opportunities, their sense of proportion changes. Gifts that before seemed large, now look paltry; service that once appeared great, now seems insignificant; talents, yes, life itself, no longer are regarded as belonging to the possessor for personal enjoyment alone. The rapid sequence of events in that church reads like a fairy story and yet not one thing happened there, I believe, which would not happen in a church where every member lived in the conscious presence of his Redeemer. Not to give to a cause, but to give to the blessed Lord himself; not to give because we think we ought, but to give out of love for him who died that we might live; he, who thus gives, will surely hear the "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

A faithful steward of the last century took this as his life purpose: "I will place no value on anything I have or may possess, except in its relation to the kingdom of Christ. If anything I have will advance the interests of that kingdom it shall be given or kept, as by keeping or giving it I shall most promote the glory of Him to whom I owe all my hopes, both of time and eternity. May grace be given me to adhere to this." In this statement of David Livingstone are briefly summed up the essentials of true stewardship.

The loveliest time of the year is also its busiest working time. During the fresh days of spring, Beauty and Toil walk hand in hand. The sweetness that fills the atmosphere comes from the steady, noiseless movement of all the working forces of the earth and the heavens.

In underground laboratories, in glowing sun-crucibles, powers both infinite and infinitesimal are weaving a garment of glory for the world,—a seamless garment of one texture throughout; for the rose-tinted petal of the wild anemone, and the blush-pink concave of the May morning sky attest themselves to be of one tissue, one piece. Everything helps—each for the whole and all for each.

It is work transmuting life into beauty and power, that keeps human souls fresh with perennial springtime growth, that makes man know himself a sharer in the creative energies of God, his co-laborer as well as his offspring.—*Lucy Larcom.*

OPEN DOORS IN AINTAB

BY ELIZABETH TROWBRIDGE

THE missionary women of Aintab have done all that time and strength would permit, have found wonderful opportunities and have often availed themselves of the aid of native Christian workers.

One of the Greek teachers in a mission boarding school has sent a very interesting account of her friendship with a young, educated Turkish lady. This young lady has made frequent visits to the school through the year, generally spending Friday afternoon, and the two friends have many earnest talks and exchange letters. The Turkish girl learned the



MISS TROWBRIDGE IN AINTAB HOSPITAL

English characters that she might use them in writing. The Greek teacher learned to read the Osmanlija letters and the two read together the Gospel of Matthew. Some extracts from the Turkish girl's letters were given, showing a dissatisfaction with her present condition, a deep longing for help and willingness to follow the light as God might lead her on.

Our touring missionary has made four trips to places where there were both Moslems and Christians or only Moslems. She writes: "On summer journey, the time was given to work for Armenians with visits to some Greeks, but there was opportunity for talks with a number of people who

had to do sometimes with Moslems, to encourage them to do personal work for such. Altogether twenty-three places have been visited.

“New places we were generally able to enter through the former hospital patients whose homes they were. Where there were such friends we could expect from some at least a kind welcome. Even when we did not personally know the people and consequently had to feel our way more slowly, we found after awhile that they were not unfriendly. In one little place in the west, to which we went on foot from another village with an old woman who had been entertaining us, we felt that God very directly answered prayer in opening a way. Our guide had been friendly and responsive at home, but after bringing us into the long, covered porch in her sister’s house, she and her friends, who had welcomed us rather coolly, gathered around the fireplace at the further end and left us sitting alone to face a crowd of men and boys who quickly gathered to stare and comment. The atmosphere was decidedly cool and conversation was difficult, but little by little as we made friendly remarks, saw some patients who ventured forward, and, after the main crowd had departed, offered to help with the evening work, things seemed to change: and in the evening, when several men and a cheerful old woman dropped in, we were able to read and talk and one man listened with evident interest. The next morning we went to visit several neighbors who had seemed friendly, and now in each place the women received us most kindly, told us their troubles, listened to the reading of the Bible words, and urged us again and again to stay longer. As we gathered together around the fireplaces, glad of the crackling brushwood blaze, in the raw, December air, we seemed to come quite near in heart. When we went back to our stopping place, to pack up, and eat an indigestible good-by meal, the tall, pleasant father, the busy, worn-looking mother and the ragged, dirty, bright-eyed little girls all begged us to stay another night and to surely come again for a good visit, and we left feeling that we were now good friends, where less than a day before we had been entire strangers.

“Last fall two faithful Bible women, evangelical and earnest Gregorians, went for a fortnight’s visit to two villages which the missionary had visited several times, and were very kindly welcomed though they had never before been in any Moslem village for work. They had constant opportunities to read and talk and were able to comfort many homes from which the men were drafted to the war.

“One lovely May evening we came into a little village from another

place about an hour away, where we had gone on foot for the day, had seen many patients and were now returning very weary. The cheery old granny who had been our escort fairly pulled us into her poor little home as we passed it. We would not go into the low, dark house, but sat in a small courtyard against the mud wall and in a very few moments women came in with greetings of welcome to join those already there. At last there was a close crowd packed around, some women sat on the roof above, children wedged their way in between the big people and hung on the long ladder, shouted at and scattered by granny's gruffly friendly



VILLAGE HOME IN CENTRAL TURKEY

'old man,' who asked them if they had never seen human beings before. Still they slipped in, eager and curious. I felt too tired in tongue and head to talk any more, but several women begged so hard that we read and sing that one could not resist. God gave fresh strength. As a poor, blind woman sat down in front of us we sang and told of blind Bartimaeus and of the light and life God is able to give us now in Jesus. Several women listened hungrily and gave sympathetic assents and comments. One said, 'Oh, what sweet words these are. Why can't you stay longer

and tell us more?' When we said we must get to our stopping place to rest, they still begged us to stay or come again, and suddenly we felt that we had a company of new friends and 'thanked God and took courage.'

"But in that little village that looked so prosperous in the rich valley, among its trees and fields and gardens, and so peaceful in the quiet evening sunlight, what sin and sorrow were hidden! Needless illness and pain, heavy burdens of drudgery, ignorance and superstition controlling the daily life, constant and open breaking of all moral laws—murder, stealing, paid false witness, God's name taken in vain with nearly every sentence, vile deeds and vile talk—jealousy, anger and harshness in families and among neighbors, these are some of the things that make one heartsick. And these poor men and women, with mosque and *namaz* (set prayers) and formal religious talk, count themselves good Moslems. Yet this place is only one of many, waiting in the darkness for help."

In ———, a center of hatred and suffering at the time of the massacre, the gospel message of forgiveness and help is now being given. Miss ——— writes: "We missionaries have set apart every Friday evening for prayer and meditation on Moslem work. Twice every month we have a meeting composed of native men and women, teachers and church members, who are interested in Moslem work and are willing to do whatever they can. Reports on personal work are given, tracts and Bibles are distributed for the work of the next fortnight. For several weeks, until the people went to the vineyards, we had a little prayer meeting among some Moslem women. They listened very attentively while the Bible was read and many would learn verses to repeat. They have asked us to go to their vineyards to have meetings but it was impossible. We visit Moslem homes and are always more than welcome. The women often ask if they may come to see us. When we say 'yes' they always get here before breakfast. Probably our city is waking up, but only the Lord himself can shake it into shape and prepare it for his glory. It is a terrible city in many ways. Sticks and stones are thrown at us, but the Lord controls their 'aim.'"

From another village we hear: "A woman has been employed to visit among her Turkish neighbors, for she lives in the midst of a Moslem community and is known by them. When speaking of prayer one day, a poor, weary woman said, 'But I do not know how to pray; tell me what to do.' The reply was, 'You just look up and tell God what you have been telling me and he will understand. You do not need

fine words.' Sometime after the woman said, 'Ah, I know the secret now!' We believe that good seed is being sown and many are watching the life of this Christian woman. She has had sorrow on sorrow, and they know it, and realize that she has a source of strength and comfort and joy which they lack."

It has been a year of beginnings or of strengthening some small beginnings made before. One can hardly point to definite results, but we can feel that more homes and hearts are open. As we look forward, away from the fragmentary work of the past year, we hope and pray that in the new year more information may be gathered as to actual conditions and needs, more places revisited and new ones entered, and that in these lines more may be done by our Armenian fellow workers, and that we all, more than all else, may learn to "know our God."

SOME ECHOES OF THE CENTENARY

BY DR. GURUBAI KARMARKAR, BOMBAY, INDIA

YOU have already heard how beautifully everything went off at our Centenary Celebration, and must have concluded from it that there was made a great and thoughtful preparation for it. Together with my daily work and other committee meetings there were many little extra things that came to me because I am in the medical line and because I like to do little things. I live near the church and that also helps to bring me some additional duties.

During the last four months I have been away from Bombay each month for four or five days and once for seven days. My first trip to Ahmednagar was for the meetings of the joint sessions in connection with the mission meetings. My second visit was to attend the Centenary Celebrations. Here I spoke at the women's meeting which was a great success. It was an inspiring sight to see the church just full of women all eager and anxious to take in every word. It was a grand meeting and all our commissioners were delighted with the success of this and other meetings. The chairwoman for that meeting was the lawyer pastor's wife Ushabai (the Dawn). Miss Capen spoke here and I had the honor of translating for her.

Another very unique meeting was held on Sunday morning. This was an occasion for the new converts of the year. There was a large crowd of such people present and a still larger crowd could not come chiefly because they could not afford to come on account of famine conditions of

last year and could not very well lose the little wages they were earning just then on the farms. Some of the women's hands were as rough as the soft bark of trees, due to constant grinding at the hand mills (flour) and hard work on the farms. I had the privilege of being one of the speakers at this meeting and a rare privilege it was to speak to these babes in Christ. They were most of them illiterate and very ordinary even in the knowledge of Jesus Christ, their newly found Saviour. They were all there with the banners of their different places, realizing in a feeble way that they were now under the banner of Christ.

The dear commissioners from America were made good use of, I assure you. They had to keep their eyes wide open to see all they could and hear all they could with their ears and speak wherever they could. It was a delight for every one to see Mr. George Hall, and he spoke so beautifully everywhere. He with his wife and daughter visited Gordon Hall's tomb, and at our Ahmednagar meeting he gave a beautiful account of his visit to this place. Many of us took his grandfather's gold watch in our hands to inspect it. I feel thankful that everything went off well.

I have written more about the Centenary than I thought I would when I began, but such an occasion does not often come in one's life time. My dear husband was so full of life and plans for this Centenary and it just seemed like Moses, that he could see a vision of it from the heights of Pisgah—but was not permitted to enter Canaan. He was appointed joint chairman with Rev. R. A. Hume and attended several committee meetings, and in order to begin with the treasureship he wrote an enthusiastic article and published it in a pamphlet form urging people to give a hundred of whatsoever they could afford and we have all followed the plan cheerfully. All our giving was in monthly installments, for about sixteen months, which made it easy to give. Still it has been a great strain on the purses of all, but we all gave cheerfully and none of us regret it in the least. There is nearly fifteen thousand rupees in hand (Mr. Hall gave a handsome donation of one thousand rupees toward this) to be used as a sustentation fund for pastors of weaker churches, for evangelistic work and for higher education. There is a great advance in this for our community and interest also, as it is to be expended by our own people with missionaries appointed to advise.

Now I must write to you something about my other trip to Vadala. I had an invitation for the last sixteen years to visit Mrs. Edward Fairbank; this invitation was repeated several times. But now I felt that I must really accept it and get some of the joy that my dear husband used

to feel when doing evangelistic work in all these districts. So I asked my friends that if they gave me some work to do, I would visit them in December. I spent three or four days in that beautiful country place, and was able to give a magic lantern lecture in the church, on our visit to Palestine, and they all seemed to enjoy it. It is an ideal Christian center. After going there I discovered that our old church bell from Bombay is doing good work there. All the Christian people live in or near the mission compound. I found that with very little effort and with the aid of the bell all the Christian people could be collected in the church of an evening. Next day we had a large gathering for a women's meeting where I spoke about the future plans for advance work by women for the new century which we have just begun. Just at the end of the meeting and in prayer, a woman fell down in a faint, and I had a patient right in church! Before my visit was over I had over twenty-five patients. One of my patients has just begun with puerperal fever and was quite seriously ill. She got all right in a few days. My last patient was a woman from the town to whom I gave calomel and santolin powders just before getting into Mrs. Fairbank's most serviceable motor bound for Ahmednagar. I feel that my medical satchel, which is always my companion whenever I go away from Bombay, did good service for me during this trip.

I must tell you something about the work in Vadala. The little post office is worked by a Christian man and it is situated in his house. It struck me as great for a Christian man to be a postmaster. There is a beautiful influence of the missionary throughout the district both among men and women.

The many court cases that come up in connection with families and farms are decided on the missionary's veranda by arbitration. Is that not beautiful? I felt that the kingdom of peace had come there to stay. There is the same influence too, among the women of the town. They all came to see me after the Sunday school where I spoke. In the primary department the little ones brought even shells as offerings and grain also. It was a pretty sight to see them march, singing as they went along, to place their tiny offerings on a cloth spread to receive them.

Mrs. Fairbank does not seem a very strong woman physically, but what a tremendous influence she has over the town women. I feel sure there will soon be a great movement toward Christianity there. They have fine schools too, and Mr. and Mrs. Felt are working with them in this blessed work. Sunday afternoon the motor carried us to another town, where I had the privilege of saying a few words at the service. So ended my pleasant visit and I feel that I have gathered much inspiration and courage for the new year.

A VISION OF THE FUTURE WOMEN OF INDIA

BY SUSIE SORABJI

This address, reprinted in part from the *Dnyanodaya* of December 18, formed a part of the Centenary exercises in Bombay. Many will remember hearing Miss Sorabji at meetings of the Woman's Board and will recall her appealing personality and something of the history of this remarkable family.

Oh little Hindu child widow, condemned to perpetual widowhood without ever really having been a wife! Oh gentle Moslem woman, subjected to the degradation of sharing your wifely rights with others! To you Christ brings honor, peace and joy. For you in the Christian Church there is a place of honor, an opportunity for service, a call to work. For you the Bible is a blessed Charter of Liberty. Little Indian girl, so despised at your birth that your coming into the world is regarded as a disappointment, if not a curse! Listen to the children's Saviour saying (Mark v. 40) "*Talitha cumi* (*i. e.*, Damsel! I say unto thee, arise)." Oh woman in your hard life, so sinned against, so wronged! For you, even you, Christianity opens wide a door of hope; and it is the Saviour's voice which says in tenderest accents, "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more."

I see, as through the vista of the coming years, the Indian woman emancipated, honored, raised, occupying her God-given place as the mistress of her husband's home, where though she wears no coronet upon her brow, nor carries sceptre in her small firm hand, she reigns with all the power of an undisputed monarch (as only a true wife and good mother can) in the heaven-blessed realm of the home. And until that day dawns in India, there will be no home in our land. A Chinese proverb says, "A hundred men may make an encampment, but it takes a good woman to make a home."

And so I see the long, long lines of India's women, Hindu and Moslem, Parsi and Jain, lifting on high the burnished, shining lamp of faith, walking white-robed through this dark heathen land of ours, with eyes aflame with holy fire and hearts aglow with Christlike love. I see them emancipated, honored, crowned, as Ruskin says, "Queens of their husbands, brothers, sons; queens of the unseen mysteries of the world that bows and will forever bow before the myrtle crown and stainless sceptre of their womanhood." Nay, nay, I see something higher. I see them casting down their hard won crowns at the feet of Him to whom they will owe their crowning. I seem to hear ten thousand times ten thousand voices chanting,—

"All hail the power of Jesus' Name,
Let angels prostrate fall.
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him Lord of all."

GROWTH IN THE PEKING CHURCHES

BY BERTHA P. REED

IT was the day after Christmas that we had another duty, also one full of joy. There were twenty-two women to be examined, ten for baptism and full entrance to the church and twelve for entrance on probation.



Audience of Women leaving Lecture Hall, Peking, after
Anti-cigarette Rally

Most of them came from our youngest branch, the church in the east suburb. All were full of joy in their new hope and purpose, and told of a difference in life, of a great quickening of mind and of a faith in prayer in a way that was a stimulus to us of older knowledge. These lives have been so empty of thought before that the coming in of Christ and his gospel opens a great new world before them, and the women awake as if from a sleep, and suddenly want to learn and to grow. On the next Sunday there were altogether almost sixty, including men, who came into connection with the church, so it was a real day for thanksgiving. Among the young men were a number of students from government schools, who are being won to take this stand by the Y. M. C. A. Bible classes which have been carried on since the meetings of Dr. Mott and Mr. Eddy last

year. These classes have held their numbers remarkably well, and are proving of great value.

An interesting event recently has been the opening of a new place for lecturing to women. The family of Deacon Chang have long lived close to the church, and like many to whom these privileges have been easily accessible, their zeal has become lukewarm. But last fall their house was needed for the boys' school, and they moved to a place a little east of us, yet not far away. At first it seemed very hard to be among people who knew nothing of Christianity, for none of our work had penetrated that neighborhood of well-to-do, respectable people. Then came the thought, perhaps God wants us to work here for him and to bring some of these people to him. So the deacon started an evening school for the study of English, with a teacher from the Y. M. C. A., and quite a company of boys from the neighborhood began to attend. On Sunday evenings he asks their father to come to a lecture, and then some one from the church preaches there, glad for the opportunity to spread the gospel among these



A WAYSIDE SHRINE
Miss Reed and Mrs. Ament touring

who have not heard. For the women, they plan to have a lecture every Saturday afternoon, and any of our workers may go and lecture on other subjects or preach the gospel. We have had some companies of women who knew how to listen carefully, and we are happy in this way of entering among them. It is an additional joy to watch this deacon and his wife. They cannot keep still over their joy in this work. Often each will say: "My heart is so full of peace while I work at these things. I am so happy in helping these people to hear about God." It is a real growth of heart that has come to them, and we do believe with them that God led them to that spot.



WOMAN'S SCHOOL AT MING LUN FANG

Miss Reed adds in a personal letter:—

I am trying to keep up our lectures and so increase the number of women whom we draw here. A lady who has lived in Mongolia has lectured for us about the life of the women there. In the east suburb we had an audience of a hundred women who were much interested. Later, I lectured in the compound, giving a talk which I prepared with much pains and effort. It begins by speaking of how to prevent disease, and then speaks of care in disease, and especially in tuberculosis. I tell them about germs, and how they breathe them, and what harm they do, and then go on with all the rules. There are various fearsome diagrams to assist their understanding, and the women seem much impressed. They do need such information so much—and perhaps a few of them mind some of my rules. I had an audience of sixty women that day here—*such* nice women. We were greatly pleased with that audience. I shall be giving that talk now in different chapels. Next week it is to be given at the Anglican Church, according to our method of exchange in lectures through the city.

I am writing on Chinese New Year's Day, but the way it is going makes us realize that new times have come. The government orders the foreign day to be the time observed, but the people cannot change entirely so soon.



Junior Work
Evangelistic Medical Educational

LET US CONSIDER TOGETHER

To a thoughtful observer it is an astounding revelation to discover in how many societies, all or part of whose interests are missionary, the devotional service and especially the exercise of prayer are either omitted or disposed of in the most perfunctory way. Even more amazing is it that leaders of groups of children or young people give so little definite thought and effort to the development of prayer in the organizations for which they are responsible.

It is prayer most of all upon which the progress of missions depends. It is for prayer that our missionaries ask us more than for anything else. "This kind cometh not out save by prayer," taught our Master. This fundamental fact is sufficient cause in itself for cultivating prayerfulness, but for the junior leader there are additional potent reasons. Her work is primarily educational and habit-forming. Upon her attitude toward prayer as revealed in the emphasis which she puts upon it, in the time which she allows for it, in the care with which she plans for and directs it, depends very largely the attitude of her society. The value and meaning which they come to attach to prayer in its relation to missions under her guidance will have a large share in determining their grown-up, mature thought of prayer. And the practice in prayer, the habit of praying which she builds up in the members of her society, will largely determine their habits of prayer in adult life. After all, a junior leader could give no bigger contribution to the missionary enterprise than to equip Christians with unswerving faith in prayer, unwavering will to pray, and persistent habits of prayer—could she?

But such a contribution is not the fruit of a thoughtless or perfunctory or "squeezed in" devotional service in the meetings which she leads. It is the result of careful, purposeful thought, and of a definite prayer "program" based on the principles of prayer and the increasing response of her children or young people. She is not likely to develop prayer life within them by accident; she must study and plan and work to that definite end.

A first, all-important step is to remind herself of the characteristics of

true prayer: that it must not be mechanical, but the expression of real desire, the more simply expressed the better; that it must be definite; that it must expect an answer; that if offered in a meeting, all must share in it. 'She will do well to formulate in her own mind just what she means by prayer, to study a bit what the Bible and other books say on the subject, to make sure that her own life embodies the habits she wishes to build up in others.

These first basic points having been settled, she is ready to outline a definite program. It may involve many distinct features. Perhaps a frank talk or discussion of prayer in her society—the reasons for it, for praying together in public, the power of prayer, the value which missionaries place upon it, the foolishness of work without prayer, what prayer is, Christ's habits of prayer—may be one feature. A larger proportion of the meeting given to the devotional service may be another; the varying of the point in the program at which that service shall be placed, varying forms for the service itself may be still others. She may plan to ask special members several days in advance to lead that service—different members who might not be willing if asked on the spur of the minute, new people who have not "always done it." She may call for sentence prayers, or for silent prayer on subjects which she will suggest, pausing between times that the silent prayers may be framed. Perhaps most of all she will make an effort to put before her society definite objects of prayer—certain missionaries, specific pieces of missionary work, needs within the society—suggesting them at the beginning of the devotional service or having a list constantly on the blackboard or on a chart hung at the front of the room. If she is dealing with children she will find verse prayers and prayer songs which can be learned and repeated very helpful, especially as a first step with those just learning to pray in public. A special service such as that given below, changed every little while when it grows so familiar as to become a matter of form, is excellent.

As time goes on an earnest leader may organize a prayer committee or prayer department which shall have charge of stimulating prayer. Mrs. Raymond gives some splendid suggestions along this line in *The King's Business*, pages 216-232. She may introduce prayer cycles and prayer calendars. How many leaders use the prayer calendar printed by the Woman's and American Boards, I wonder? As the spirit of prayer increases she may be able to organize little groups of earnest members who will meet informally as "prayer circles" in between meetings; to present at each service objects for prayer at home.

Each leader will think of many means for accomplishing her object step by step, once she has thought about it enough to clearly realize the central place of prayer in her work. That realization is the all-important beginning. What has been your attitude toward prayer, O Junior Leader?



Board of the Pacific

At Seattle. The Semi-annual Meeting of W. B. M. P. convenes in Seattle in April. Those so fortunate as to be present will find a strong program. Among the missionaries will be Mrs. Cowles of Africa and Dr. Susan B. Tallmon from North China.

Oregon Women. Two recent papers read before Oregon Congregational Conferences show that the women of Oregon are thinking to some purpose. One is on "Women for Women or Women for the Kingdom," and the other, "Wasteful Methods in Women's Work."

An author teaching her own book is an unusual feature of our programs here in the far West. Who is the author? Mrs. Paul Raymond.

Mount Hermon And the book? *The King's Business*, of course.

Mid-Winter Assembly. It is our great good fortune that Mr. and Mrs. Raymond are to make their home here. The big meeting in the First Baptist Church of Oakland, February 6, was the first opportunity many of us have had to hear her. And it was a *big* meeting, the large church crowded, a program of great inspiration, and the building of visions and plans of magnitude and importance.

One Way of Doing It. The Petaluma Auxiliary has sixteen women who have each promised to give a tea and write ten letters of invitation to possible new members.

It was a happy thing for our interests upon both sides the Pacific that Rev. W. H. Day of Los Angeles, on his way around the world, reached

The James Building, Kyoto to lay the corner stone of the new James Doshisha. Building for the Doshisha Girls' School, January 9. Dr. Day was a classmate at Amherst, '89, of Arthur Curtiss James, a trustee of the college, who with his mother gave the money for the new Doshisha Building.

This helpful assembly will be held July 20 to 25 inclusive (Monday to Saturday inclusive). Our beloved Mrs. D. B. Wells expects

The Mount Hermon to be with us, as usual, to teach the study book **Federate School** classes and give daily Bible addresses. The attendance at our School of Missions is increasing yearly. Last summer, 342 people registered as contrasted with 173 the previous year. Seventy-five

per cent of those who registered last summer attended the entire sessions of the school. The aggregate attendance at all the meetings was 3,500. One new denomination, the Lutheran, has joined us the past year.

Won't you resolve that your denomination shall be better represented next summer? We shall have our delightful "rallies" of the different denominations during mission week. Come to Mount Hermon July 20-25, register, wear our badge, listen to the missionaries, read the text-books, hear Mrs. Wells, get acquainted at the rallies, and see if beautiful Mount Hermon is not the place where you wish to spend your vacation every year. The Mission Study text-books are: Home, *The Red Man's Land*, by Francis E. Leupp. Foreign, *The Child in the Midst*, by Mrs. Benjamin Labaree.

TOTTORI NEEDS AND SUCCESSSES

BY ANNA WOODRUFF BENNETT

The work at the kindergarten has been going on well. Thanks to the generosity of the people in the city, and of friends in America, we were able to enlarge the play room of the kindergarten, so that now we can admit about sixty children. The people here were so anxious to have the kindergarten enlarged that they contributed about \$75. Of course this means a good deal more in Japan than the same amount would in America. A good deal of this came from parents of the children and of the graduates and many of them are not Christians. One of the teachers is a graduate of the Glory Kindergarten Training School, another is a graduate of Kobe College, and the third has been a teacher in a government school, and has had a year of study in the Bible School at Kobe. So all of the Kobe institutions of the Board are represented in our kindergarten. The third teacher mentioned is the wife of one of our evangelists. I do not think the school has ever been in better condition.

Last fall Miss Wakuyama, the head teacher in the kindergarten training school, came here and a large meeting was held for the mothers of the graduates and the mothers of the children now in the kindergarten. It was a most successful meeting and did a good deal of good. In the fall we also had the dedication of the kindergarten building, at which meeting we invited all those who had contributed toward it, giving a report of the contributions and thanking the people for their interest in the school.

You will be glad to hear that we have as a Bible woman, Miss Kato,

one of the oldest and most experienced Bible women in Japan. She was for a long time the Bible woman of the Sapporo church. But she was born in Tottori Ken, and her adopted son is living in the city, and he was very anxious to have her come here. The church agreed to raise half of her salary if the Mission would give half. This means quite an advance for the church, as it has never had a Bible woman before as far as I know. She is a fine woman and we are very glad to have her here.

For a year or two it has been voted at annual mission meeting to ask for a single lady missionary for Tottori. As we are the only Protestant missionaries in this part of the world the Mission is very reluctant to leave us here by ourselves, so Miss Coe, a missionary under the W. B. M. I., has been with us for a few months and will stay here until April. Then she is expected to go to Kobe College to teach. We certainly need a lady missionary to help in this Tottori field, and if you could see the way clear to appoint some one we should be delighted.

I understand that it is difficult to get people to come out for evangelistic work, that it is easier to get them to come out for educational work. When I first started for Japan I was told that I might eventually be a teacher, and my mind naturally turned that way. But after two or three years in Tottori, where I was engaged in language study, and in what little evangelistic work I could do with my necessarily limited knowledge of Japanese, I was asked to teach for three months in place of a teacher who had returned to America. It did not take me three months to find out that, for me at least, the evangelistic work was very much more interesting and absorbing. I believe that if the people who have inclinations toward missionary work, but who do not care to go into evangelistic work really knew what the evangelistic work is like, seven out of ten would choose it. At any rate there is great need of another woman worker in Tottori, and I hope that some one can be sent soon.

The light falls upon the rich man's orchids, and also blesses the poor man's box of mignonette. It floods the majestic cathedral; it fills the humble chapel on the moor; it steals through the chinks of a gipsy's tent. Jesus blesses the widow with two mites, and also Zaccheus, "chief among the publicans, and rich." He makes a friend of Peter, an unlearned fisherman, and of Nicodemus, "a ruler of the Jews." There is no respect of persons with God.—*J. H. Jowett.*

ON THE WAY TO SAMOKOV

BY MRS. HERBERT B. KING

We had a very pleasant trip across the Atlantic and through the Mediterranean, and as it was our first experience in ocean travel, we enjoyed it very much, especially as we were not seasick. The water was exceedingly calm all the way, except for one day between Algiers and Monaco, going across the Mediterranean when it was a little rough. There was only one missionary on board besides ourselves, Miss Cross from North Dakota, going out under the M. E. Board to Africa, but first to stop at Madeira and go from there to Lisbon, to study Portuguese for six months, as that is the language she will have to use in her work. We landed with her at Funchal, Madeira, and went to the Methodist Mission under the charge of Rev. and Mrs. Smart who have been there thirty-five years. They were very cordial and seemed glad to see some one from America. We attended their church service which was partly in Portuguese and partly in English, for this was Sunday morning, and then Mr. Smart took us to an English tea room for lunch and there told us much of his work and experience. He has been persecuted continually, but has maintained a day school and church services, and has refused to be driven out.

Funchal is a beautiful place, semi-tropical and much like California in vegetation, but as different as possible in other ways—very Portuguese in its houses, walls, and in its shops and conveyances which are ox carts or sleds rather, and mule tram cars. Modern autos looked very much out of place beside the oxen! But there are about sixty automobiles in the town. We stopped a few hours each at Gibraltar, Algiers and Monaco, from which latter place we visited Nice and Naples. The trip down the west coast of Italy, through the straits of Messina around the “toe and heel” and up the east coast was delightful, over the famed blue waters of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic and under the fair cloudless skies. We landed at Trieste and spent a day getting our trunks started by freight for Sofia, then came by train to Budapest, where we found it necessary to have passports to get through to Sofia. We had to send to Vienna for them and have waited six days; they have just come so we hope to start for Sofia this afternoon. We have had a chance to see some of this wonderful city, its museums, churches, King’s palace and the Parliament Houses.

Under later date Mrs. King writes from Sofia:—

I will add just a word to say that we reached here safely after a comfortable ride by train from Budapest. Much to our surprise, we found on the train, Mr. Ostrander, the president of the boys’ school at Samokov; with such a pilot, we felt that our troubles were ended. Mr. Holway of the Sofia mission station met us at the depot when we reached here, and took us to his home. We expected to go on by auto to Samokov at once, but a telegram this morning says there is scarlatina there, and we must stay here. So there is another wait ahead, but we can make a beginning on language study, and we may not have to remain here very long.

OUR FIELD CORRESPONDENTS

Miss Ethel A. House writes from Sofia, Bulgaria :—

Kindergarten six mornings and a training class five afternoons a week, with a two years' course crowded into one, and the needed preparation and study for both, fill the hours of each day. We have an increasingly growing kindergarten class, but I feel we are reaching so few of the hundreds of little children who need just this sort of training. The children clamor to come back in the afternoon and Sundays too, and such happy dear children they are. At our Christmas tree which we had on the afternoon of the Bulgarian Christmas we had a splendid attendance of mothers, fathers and friends which was very encouraging. This opportunity of reaching the homes through the children appeals to me very strongly, and I do regret that there being but twenty-four hours in a day this work with the home people has to be left out, to a great extent, of the already over-full program for the year. There are five now in the training class, two of them mothers who are taking it particularly for the sake of their children. One, Mrs. Ignatova, took one year of the course with Miss Clarke eleven years ago, and now with the permission and encouragement of her husband is back to get what she can from the work. One of her little boys is in the kindergarten. The other is a widow, her husband, a captain in the army, having been killed at Tchatalja. She is a graduate of Constantinople College. The other three are students of the Samokov school and two at least promise to be very successful kindergartners. We hope to finish what is generally the first year's work in a kindergarten training school by March 1 and the second year by August 1 if all goes well. The girls are working so hard and with so much sympathy for, and interest in the work that it is a pleasure to work with them.

In connection with our class on Stories for the Kindergarten, we are making a collection of them for the help and benefit of those who come after us. There is no good collection of children's stories in Bulgarian, so we are taking special interest in our collection. The selected stories are translated, then corrected and criticized in class and then copied. The translation of songs and games also continues a part of almost every week's work. How I wish that a song book could be published! There

is nothing of the sort and I do think it would be an advantage to any who work with children.

As you can imagine with nine thousand refugees in our midst it is pretty difficult to keep "hands off" and heart untouched with the stories of them and their thousands upon thousands of brother and sister refugees scattered through Bulgaria. I planned a little party for Christmas which grew into something very different from my original plan.

Miss Boardman of the Red Cross Society cabled \$5,000 to us last week and we hope that more will be sent for the need is very great. Whatever will be the permanent solution of the problem is an interesting but unknown quantity. In the face of all this present misery, there are more than rumors that another war is coming and inevitably coming, in the spring or in the near future. One cannot help wondering what is the good that is coming out of all this evil; but we must believe that there surely is some great plan for Bulgaria in all this trouble that has come to her. My affection and tenderness for her and her people grow stronger all the time. I also want to speak of the pleasure of knowing Miss Saunders, the English secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association. She is most companionable, and such a lovely Christian character. The war has made a pretty bad break in her work with the university students, but she finds plenty of work for both hands and her heart and I can assure you she does it with a will and with an enthusiasm that is very contagious.

Mr. Johannot, the Swiss Young Men's Christian Society's secretary, has also recently arrived, and he is another very pleasant and helpful addition to our little circle here in Sofia. For the last week or two, Miss Saunders, Mr. Johannot and I have had a little prayer service on Wednesdays and Fridays at two o'clock which is most helpful and encouraging.

Miss Clarke asks me to send her love and to tell you that she still hopes to get time some day to write. However, I do know she won't tell you what a wonder she is and how very dear she has grown in these three months and a half that I have been here. She is so occupied with her father, house and baby that she feels she isn't doing anything, and yet, I cannot tell you how delightful it has been to hear how far her influence has spread in the few years she has worked here in Sofia. Her father has had several ill turns since I came, but his interest for his temperance work never flags, and he is up and at it as soon as his daughter will let him after he has had an attack.

We were very much pleased to have a chance of meeting and knowing

the new missionaries—Mr. and Mrs. King—and think they will be greatly appreciated in Samokov. Miss Douglas was ill in the hospital for over three weeks and this gave me a chance to meet and learn to know and like her very much in that time.

Mrs. Ursula Clarke Marsh writes from Philippopolis :—

In the months of war, want and weariness I often thought of writing, but heart and hands were more than full. I knew though that you were praying for me. I often feel in our Friday afternoon woman's meeting the strength that comes because some one is asking it for me.

This third war through which Bulgaria has passed during the thirty-eight years I have lived here, has been by far the most terrible. God grant it may be the last! Papers and magazines have told so much about the war and the condition of the people since that time that I need not repeat, but it is quite different to read about it from the grim reality—the arrival of train loads of sick and wounded soldiers, the crowded hospitals, the bread line of three or four thousand hungry mothers at my door, and the pitiful destitution we found in so many homes just here in this city. Thank God the worst is over, but there is much suffering from cold and hunger among the refugees from Greek and Servian tyranny, even worse than from Turkish cruelties. We had a wonderfully mild, beautiful fall and mignonette is still in bloom in my garden. Though unable to take any active part in relief work my dear husband, confined all winter to his room and much of the time to his bed, planned, prayed and gave for the people he loved, and watched eagerly for good news from the front. We had hoped that warmer weather would help him, but he failed steadily all summer till September 1 he entered into rest. I am truly grateful that he was spared severe pain, and that he had so many dear, helpful friends around him. I am thankful for his life work among these people, for he had wide acquaintance with and many friends among many different nationalities. For him I am only thankful, for myself and family there is great loneliness, but also an abundance of precious memories.

Two village schools were kept open all last year and we employed two Bible women. In Kayaludere the teacher for the year was Miss Carrie Staikova; in Tserovo, Miss Luba Pachedjiewa. The Philippopolis Bible woman was Mrs. Nicheva, and the Krichim Bible woman was Mrs. Momchileva. Miss Dunin, the Bible woman in Akhmatove was supported by a Bulgarian friend in America. The Tserovo teacher, who is

also a very active Bible woman, had about the same number of pupils in her day school and a crowd of 120 to 180 in her Sunday school. She is a rarely efficient, devoted woman. Mrs. Momchileva is very useful and highly appreciated in Krichim. She recently wrote me of having a class of 19 women learning to read, several non-Protestants, though there is a large and thriving Protestant community in Krichim. Mrs. Nicheva in Philippopolis, though in poor health, accomplished a great deal of good, was very useful in a hospital a part of last year. All the workers did special service either for our own sick and wounded or for Turkish prisoners, or for the relief of the very poor among us. We are truly thankful for these—but do need more like them.

Miss Mary B. Dunning writes from Parral, Mexico (*delayed en route*):—

We came down here on the 26th of December, arrived in Parral on the 27th at ten at night. We were all day coming from Jimenez, a ride of three hours and a half in other times. We found things here in such a state that we determined it was either shut up everything or stay and take care of things. The Consul here and several other friends said it was perfectly safe to stay as things are at the present. But we had left many loose ends at Chihuahua as we fully expected to return, besides having said we surely would do so. It was decided between Miss Prescott and myself that I should return to Chihuahua and explain to them the situation here and finish up various things. I did not covet the journey, but found a Mexican family going and joined them so as not to be alone, for traveling is not altogether a pleasant occupation at present. You never know when you start out when you will reach your destination and as the road is in very bad condition you may not get anywhere. But I made both journeys without any very bad occurrence.

We have been very comfortable since we have been here, no disturbance whatever. Some things are very much higher than in Chihuahua but the necessary things are about as usual. I think there are seventy-six enrolled in the school, fifteen in kindergarten. Of course, many scholars have gone into the public schools and the greater part of them have remained there which is not strange; for people have not the money they did have, and naturally they think this school may be left again and so continue in the public schools. All of which tends to make our school small, but if we can stay here I am sure it will come up again. The church holds its own, there are large congregations in the evenings. I do not think the Sunday school is as large as it was. I do not know whether

I have referred to the fiftieth anniversary project or not, but I have it on mind and heart and I am sure our women will help.

Sugar is 75 cents a kilo and lard \$1.50 a kilo, rice \$1.05 a kilo, Mexican money of course, and such a time as we have with money. Everything is "vales" made by this Mining Company, stores, saloons, cockpits, clubs, and every once in awhile there is a great scare that these vales are good no more. But good authority has said that they will be used until the Constitutional money is ready when they will be returned. If the Constitutionalists do not win in Mexico City then their money will be no good. I would like to see an El Paso paper and know what Uncle Sam is doing with his 5,000 and more guests! Some of them with the small-pox; that and diphtheria have been terrible in Parral. Some have gone to the other home from our families of these diseases.

We have our own Sunday-school lessons as we have no papers to know where the International Lessons are, and two weeks ago had the "Cities of Refuge." I was asking the class how many there were and where, when one girl said, "There is one more now." "Oh, is there, where is it?" I said. "El Paso, Texas, that's where all the people from this country go who don't want to be killed!" And it is very true, such a lot of Mexicans are there, who are afraid to be here. Some of them surely should be here defending their country.

We don't know much about what is going on in the rest of the world. The train is beginning to bring mail but it is generally old. We have gotten some dated the first of January though.

Miss Elizabeth Baldwin writes from Kusaie, Caroline Islands:—

I am sure you will rejoice with us to hear that the blinds are all in position and the house nicely painted on the exterior. The boys are now repairing the canoes and painting them that they may be in good condition at ship time.

On October 18 a German man-of-war came up near to the reef bordering our premises and lay there until we could send out a canoe for the surveyor, whom they had brought to measure the mission property. He had a considerable party with him, two boys as valets, four Ponapeans and five New Guinea men. Personally he was a very pleasant young man and could climb our 1,500 feet hill at a pace that surprised the native boys, whom we always considered adepts in that line. It required nearly two days to complete the work. The shore line measures about 750 meters; the second side is bounded by a river, and the third by the ridges

of the hills which come down to the sea, giving something of a triangular shape to the property. It is a fine piece of land and how much we would like to have it all under cultivation. The work is far too vast for the number of boys we have, and it costs too much to employ laborers constantly. Occasionally we hire a few men to work for a limited time but that seems like only a drop in the bucket.

A letter from Miss Hoppin stated that she was just on her way to Ocean Island and did not expect to return to Kusaie until January.

My sister and I are kept very busy conducting the school with its two separate departments of girls and boys, overseeing the work out of school hours and preparing ourselves to teach in these new languages. We have almost no opportunity for direct language study, except that which is involved in preparing to teach our classes, and conduct the weekly meetings.



WORSHIPING AT THE GRAVE OF HIS ANCESTORS
(Near Tung-chow)

Miss Carolyn Sewall writes from Peking:—

Just this afternoon on our way to the service that the foreigners have each Sunday, we saw ahead of us, apparently in the middle of the street, what seemed to be a high, brightly colored building, half house and half

temple. It had not been there the night before, and I was quite curious, though probably if I had been in China a little longer, I should have known at once what it was. As we came nearer we saw some tiny flames curling upward, and in half a minute the whole thing was one big blaze. A large group of Buddhist priests drew away from the fire, removing their bright red sacrificial robes, and the party of mourners, all in white, got up from the ground and went back to their homes, this part of their burial ceremonies completed. For the family of the deceased had been making provision for the habitation of the spirit in the spirit world by converting this big paper structure into air. And to do proper homage to the one whom they mourned, that group of men, probably of rather high rank judging from the elaborateness of the house, had been kowtowing in the street, knocking their heads on the ground to the spirit of the deceased and of his ancestors. While the priests were there to assist with their prayers and incantations. The chief mourner, probably the oldest son, wearing his white fur-lined coat turned wrong side out, rode in a decidedly modern coach, and before that part of men and priests, performing ceremonies that speak of ages of custom and superstition, had disappeared, down the street and straight through the crowd which perforce gave way to it, came hooting and honking a beautiful big limousine!

WEAKNESS MADE STRONG

(Reprinted by courtesy of *Woman's Work*)

[Occasionally a corner of the curtain is lifted and we at home get a glimpse of what is going on all the time in our missionary fields. Some speaker gives a touch of humor to her stirring address by an allusion to difficulty and struggle. But description which might suggest complaint scarcely ever comes to our ears. For its illuminating sidelights we are giving some extracts from an article in one of the magazines published on the mission field, written by its Editor. Out of consideration for the feelings of the missionaries mentioned we do not give their names.—EDITOR.]

“Most of the women missionaries whom we have met are quiet, if not timid, women who naturally shrink from adventure, danger and difficulty for its own sake. They would never stir from the seclusion of their quiet homes were they not lured by the love of Christ and pity for their poor darkened sisters, but that love leads many a delicate girl who never traveled across her own state line to cross wide seas, take up a home among alien people, and unshrinkingly meet hard conditions and danger. Those who think our women missionaries have an easy time should accompany them on some of their country trips.

“They go from one dreary and dirty little village to another, caring for diseased bodies and lost souls, sometimes crossing rough winter seas, or angry rivers filled with ice, or riding pack ponies or even oxen over indescribable roads, climbing tiger and wolf-haunted mountains (with no other protectors than unarmed native coolies), eating and sleeping in little mud huts or cold, barn-like meeting houses warmed—if at all—with tiny, inadequate stoves whose most vigorous faculty is to throw out suffocating clouds of smoke. The thermometer often drops out of sight in the north and even in the south the mountain roads are covered with ice and snow in winter.

“Miss C. traveled through a driving blizzard, partly at midnight, over icy roads, nearly drowned in a half-frozen tide river, her wet garments freezing upon her ere she found shelter in a cold room full of charcoal fumes. Miss M. died of typhus contracted in a disease-stricken village; Miss S. travels on horseback over the terrible mountain roads of the north, holding classes in the hungry villages, not returning to the warmth and comfort of her mission home for weeks or months; Mrs. G., a timid (?) little lady, for months is alone, the only foreigner in her far northern home, hundreds of *li* from missionaries while her husband journeys over a great territory; Miss P. died from a fall with her horse, traversing a treacherous bridge on her way to a class; Mrs. W. goes with five little ones in native chairs to teach the country Bible classes; Mrs. M’s leg was broken while traveling on a bicycle to a class and rebroken during her return in a sedan chair at that time. She probably died as the result of overwork. Miss C., at midnight, with only worse than useless drunken coolies, crept on hands and knees over a dangerous icy pass to teach her women; Miss D. forded an icy stream and walked all day in drenched garments in a chilling wind, to keep an appointment with her class.

“A frail little woman traveled alone to a far northern station with only heathen chair coolies for company. As we have said, the cold is extreme up there, in fact a recent letter told us their ordinary thermometer could not register so low. The coolies often drank heavily. The way led over some of the highest mountains with terrible ravines and glassy with ice. After nursing there for months, often night and day, herself ill and in need of medical aid, she returned again quite alone, down the river and over the rapids with strange boatmen her only comrades. She arrived just as the station doctor was leaving, and immediately was obliged to take up the whole responsibility of the hospital and strenuous

conditions of illness. Miss B. rode many miles, drenched to the skin, in a terrible rain, and then sat for hours in a cold room in wet garments waiting for dry clothing which had been delayed with the pack. Then, while already ill, instead of returning home, she turned aside to a place where she knew she could get medicine, in order not to disappoint her waiting class, but soon became too ill to return and lay for weeks at a mining station in bed with pneumonia.

“But after all missionaries are certainly the happiest and best rewarded people in the world, and count any difficulties they meet as unworthy to be compared with the joy of blessing with hope these poor, hopeless women, the glory of the Vision and present crown, not to mention that which is to follow.”

A WIDER VIEW

Some Things Missionaries Have Done.

Missionaries have translated the Bible into about seven tenths of the languages of the world's speech.

Missionaries have done more than any one class to bring peace among savage tribes.

All the museums of the world have been enriched by the examples of the plants, animals and products of distant countries collected by missionaries.

The export trade of the United States to Asiatic countries jumped from about \$58,000,000 in 1903 to about \$127,000,000 in 1905, which was due chiefly to missionary influence.

Missionaries were the first to give any information about the far interior of Africa. They have given the world more accurate geographical knowledge of that land than all other classes combined.

It is to missionary efforts that all South Sea literature is due; there is not a single case on record of the reduction to writing of a Polynesian language by another than a Christian worker.

The missionaries have expanded the world's commerce. The trade with the Fiji Islands in one year is more than the entire amount spent in fifty years in Christianizing them. A great English statesman estimated that when a missionary had been twenty years on the field, he was worth in his indirect expansion of trade and commerce £10,000 per year to British commerce.—*Ex.*

A Big Congregation.

The wonderful church of Elat, in the center of the West Africa mission of the Presbyterian Board, continues to grow at a marvelous rate. At a mid-summer communion the congregation numbered 5,800, and 200 were baptized and received into full membership. The first confession of Christ was made by 140. After service the elders met and advanced 450 from the first to the second class of catechumens. At Eulasi, where a preaching outpost has been established in order to prevent overcrowding of the main Elat church, there were 3,600 present. Here 27 were baptized and 200 advanced to the second class in the catechism. It thus appears that on communion Sunday the total attendance for Elat congregation in its two houses of worship considerably exceeded 9,000, and the communion additions were almost 300.—*The Continent*.

A Korean Missionary to China.

The Korean church in many respects approaches nearest of all the churches to the Apostolic Church. It has suffered the fiery ordeal of persecution. Its members are apostolic in their evangelistic fervor and zeal and in their implicit faith in the power of prayer. They consecrate their property and their talents and their time in much the same way that the early Christians did. And now the latest evidence of apostolic zeal is the sending of a Korean missionary to China, Pastor Pak, who is to go as the representative of the Presbyterian Church. . . . Out of their scanty means, a daily income so small that Americans wonder how they live at all, they provide the salary and expense of their foreign missionary. Koreans are naturally spiritually-minded and strongly religious. Many missionaries believe that the Koreans are to become the evangelists of the Orient.—*Christian Observer*.

Mtesa's Grandson.

None who have read the life of Stanley, the great traveler, can have forgotten his story of Mtesa, King of Uganda, and the explorer's challenge to the Church to take advantage of its opportunity in that African kingdom. It is most interesting to read in *The Church Missionary Review*, London, of a recent occasion when a memorial stone in the new wing of the Church Missionary House was laid by the young Kabaka of Uganda, King Dandi Chwa, the grandson of Mtesa, then on a visit to London. It was under the orders of this young man's father that Bishop Hannington suffered martyrdom. *The Review* says: "In view of his ancestry hearts could hardly fail to beat faster as Mwanga's son declared, 'In the faith of Jesus Christ we fix this stone. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.'"—*Woman's Work*.



Our Work at Home

AROUND THE COUNCIL TABLE WITH OUR PRESIDENT

Concerning the Auxiliary's Acquaintance with its Objects of Support

The Pledged Work list of any Branch is suggestive reading.

There is the missionary salary—perhaps several salaries; the schools in various lands, ranging from kindergarten to college; hospital work; Bible women; scholarships; the general fund.

Every auxiliary of a Branch has a vital concern in maintaining its pledged work. If so desired, the Branch officer in charge definitely assigns objects, wholly or in part, to individual societies, both senior and junior.

If the interest is to be indeed “vital” it must be cultivated. The necessary means for such cultivation is up-to-date information which must emanate from the field itself, must receive an editorial touch and must be conveyed to the hands of auxiliary officers.

Thus we have three agencies in the process:—

I. THE BOARD

The Foreign Secretary of the Board is constantly receiving letters from the field bearing upon the daily life, the problems, the perplexities, the successes, of missionaries; schools; hospitals; Bible women; in a word, of every form of work carried on by the Board. Not from all sources in the same month, not always even with the frequency and regularity desired, for missionaries are overworked and have to snatch their writing moments. The officers of the Board have been striving toward a more satisfactory handling of such material for the use of auxiliaries. Sheer lack of time with the force of workers on our staff, has been responsible for any apparent looseness of method along this line. The way now opens for the better working out of our ambitions.

With your reading of these lines, Miss Buckley, our assistant secretary, is entering upon a careful and regular editing of all material which bears upon the Pledged Work, that it may go in appropriate form and with regularity to all our Branches.

II. THE BRANCH

The officer who receives this prepared material from the Board, be she Foreign Secretary of the Branch, its Pledged Work Secretary, or under whatsoever title, has a distinct duty to put it into the hands of auxiliary leaders. Some plan for copying and distributing becomes necessary.

Not simply the society which has a missionary salary definitely assigned, or a certain school, should enjoy the privilege of this direct communication, but every society of the Branch should receive some message and so be vitally attached. It seems to us that all efforts we may make for improvement in the Board's handling of such matter will be utterly valueless if the Branch fails to act as the go-between,—the helping hand. We are confident that our own efforts will be fully matched by your fresh activity in passing on the good things we mean to send you.

III. THE AUXILIARY

How shall it be known except it be read? And what is the use of reading it except we give a bit of background, and speak with warm, living interest so that the object touched upon in the letter, or story, or message, breathes with the warm breath of real life?

The President was recently more than pleased when her talk before a large society was delayed five minutes so that the chairman could read a fresh letter, sent from the Branch, to give current events in their own school in Turkey. Any program should give place for a word of this sort. If we, dear Branch and Auxiliary workers, try to send live messages about the Pledged Work list, will you pass them on?

M. L. D.

SOME SIDE LIGHTS FROM RECENT MAGAZINES

The National Geographic Magazine for January contains an article by Frank Edward Johnson, wonderfully illustrated, of life "Here and There in North Africa"; *The International Review of Missions* for January is full of informing reports and articles for the students of missions, notable among them "A Survey of the Year 1913," by the editor, Dr. J. H. Oldham; the current issue of this periodical is of unusual interest. "Five Thousand Students in Line for Missions" in the March issue of *The Missionary Review of the World* is a masterly summing up of the recent Student Volunteer Convention; this number contains also an article by Miss Mary Preston on "Boston's Missionary May Festival." The February number of the magazine contains an article on "Co-operation in South Africa," by Rev. C. H. Maxwell of the American Board.

OUR GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY GIFT

This is a good time to take a survey of the land from our hilltop and discover the condition, as far as we can see, of the Golden Anniversary Gift. When the first pamphlet, the blue book, was published in the spring of 1912, three appeals for schools in Turkey were made in it, one for the lot of land at Smyrna, on which should be placed later the buildings of the American Collegiate Institute, one for a school building at Van and one for a school building at Mardin. The Smyrna land is paid for, the building at Van is paid for through the efforts of the Hartford Branch and the balance needed for Mardin has been largely raised by the Worcester County Branch.

The second pamphlet, the green book, was printed in the spring of 1913. In it were five appeals, one for \$25,000 for the girls' school building at Uduvil, Ceylon, one for a school building at Sivas, Turkey, one for \$1,250 to complete the dormitory at Mt. Silinda in South Africa, one for money to build a home for the women missionaries at Tientsin, China, and one for enlargement of the school building at Paoting-fu. Of these five appeals, the gift to Mt. Silinda was raised at the annual meeting in Springfield in November. Suffolk Branch hopes to secure \$25,000 for Uduvil; the money for Sivas, \$12,000, is in hand, largely the gift of an individual. Western Maine Branch undertakes the \$2,500 for Paoting-fu, leaving of the needs especially described in these books only the sum needed for the residence at Tientsin,—\$4,000 to be provided for.

Some of the Branches are at work on objects that have not yet appeared in any colored book. Shall the next be a red one? New York State Branch has helped toward a school building for Aintab, Turkey, in which the Andover and Woburn Branch is also interested. The New Haven Branch is entering upon a campaign for \$10,000 for an industrial building at Inanda, South Africa. The Vermont Branch will do what it can, inspired by a generous donation from an individual, for the dormitory at Inanda. Rhode Island, Hartford and Philadelphia Branches have nobly attacked the sum of \$50,000 needed for the new hospital at Madura, India, and changes made necessary in the mission compound. The Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch is appealed to by the need of finishing the kindergarten building at Cesarea, Turkey, and so it goes.

A number of small sums are needed for specific objects which may attract individuals or societies; \$300 for a gymnasium; \$200 for a bath-house; \$300 for a building for sanitary purposes. These will be used in Uduvil, Ceylon, for which Edwards Church at Northampton is also giving \$300 for a dining room; \$250 will put up a district school in Ceylon. Ten are wanted. When built they are practically supported by government, but government erects no buildings.

The total amount received for the Golden Anniversary Gift to February 3, 1914, was \$65,078.11.

C. H. A.

ESPERANZA

THE STORY OF AN EASTER HOPE

BY SARA B. HOWLAND

The vesper bell was just tolling as Esperanza walked wearily through the park. It had been a hard day, full of noise and confusion, bringing to an end the *Semana Santa* or Holy Week. From her balcony to the one on the opposite side of the street a long rope had been stretched upon which hung a row of grotesque Judases, clothed in brilliant paper garments, and when the bells rang in the Glory at ten that morning, she had been almost deafened by the explosion. She usually enjoyed watching the writhing figures and had laughed at the insults shown the traitor; but to-day she cared for nothing but to get away from the noisy crowd.

She had hoped to get comfort from the *Semana Santa*. She had been through the fourteen stations of the cross each day, had observed the forty hours, had visited thirty churches to admire the *monumentos*, and had been early to confession and gained another plenary indulgence, with only a slight penance of fasting. She always paid regularly for the masses and it was the only thing in life that seemed worth while. Roberto should not suffer his torments any longer than she could help, and the old Padre had loved him too, so he would say the prayers as reasonably as he could.

How well Esperanza remembered the joys of last year. Roberto had bought her two new gowns for the *fiestas*; a dark purple for Holy Thursday made with Spanish lace and ribbons galore, and for Good Friday there was a transparent black, with a lace mantilla and sparkling jet combs for her hair. One must always wear black on Good Friday, but it was so becoming! She remembered that Roberto had said that she was *muy simpática*. It had been a happy day. The dinner of fresh fish from Lake Chapala had been very inviting and she had received several trays of fruits and sweets from her friends. They had walked in the Plaza while the baby slept under the orange trees, and they had laughed because a shower of blossoms had fallen in the border of her cap and made her look like an *angelita*.

It was just before Holy Week that Roberto had been made captain. Esperanza was very proud to walk beside the gleaming scarlet and gold and the baby had jumped with joy at sight of the gorgeous cap. Esperanza had never heard of Andromache and Astyanax, but from the dim past until to-day have women and children admired the splendor of the soldier's garb and wept their hearts out when he vanished beyond their ken.

Is it harder to *wait* in Mexico than anywhere else? It would seem so. The soldiers leave in the early train and the poor village women run by the side of the tracks, carrying their babies in their tired arms. The captain's wife came with him in a coach and was glad of a shelter in which to hide her tears, but for lady and villager alike war is a cruel thing. The lines are cut, the tracks are destroyed, the trains are dynamited, the battles are fought, and not an answering word comes to the waiting friends for many a long month. Alas, when it comes with its almost sure message of suffering or death, the agony of suspense is only changed into a poignant sorrow.

To Esperanza, however, came a message with startling suddenness. Only three months had passed when the telegram came to her: "Captain Roberto Gómez captured and executed by the enemy."

And this was the end of it all! All the bright hopes of promotion, of speedy victory, of riches and distinction when the war should be over! If Roberto had fallen in battle she could have borne it better. Some may not know or care for what they fight, because they go like the galley slave to his task; but Roberto had been a volunteer and a patriot. Esperanza had been burning with enthusiasm when he gave his *discurso* on the sixteenth of September. The impassioned apostrophes to Hidalgo and Juárez, and the "vivas" of the multitude still rang in her ears. And now to be shot like a traitor and buried in the trench! It was an unspeakable dream of horror. She could not believe it when the days passed so peacefully with her, the baby, unconscious of her loss, toddling about in the sunshine and learning to say *papa*.

Her friends had been as kind as they knew how to be. They had wept and exclaimed over the news, and the house had been full of noisy mourning for ten days. Candles had been burned, masses said, flowers sent, until Esperanza could bear no more, and now even the dearest had begun to be weary of the atmosphere of sorrow. Esperanza should be resigned, she should no longer afflict herself. María Santísima would protect her if her shrine should be suitably decorated, and the family would help pay for a mass of St. Gregory to send the soul of Roberto direct to Paradise.

Esperanza was a good Catholic, but she could not be comforted. Did she not remember how the wife of José Martínez had paid the hundred dollars and now the new priest said it must be done again, and that after her sister had been promised plenary indulgence she had to do penance again and again? These were mysteries she could not understand, and

how could her heart be at rest? Roberto was dead and perhaps he had not confessed. She had found a forbidden book in his chest, and the Padre had been very angry. "Bring it to me at once," he had said. "If Roberto has learned the damnable doctrine of the heretics it will be long before he escapes from the fires of purgatory." She was keeping the book until she should go to her next communion, because she could not bear to part with anything that had been her husband's; but tomorrow she would return the tiny volume and would burn six wax candles at the shrine of Santa María de Guadalupe while she went over the Ave Marías and the Padre Nuestrós of her rosary three hundred times.

Absorbed in her sad thoughts she did not notice where she was going until she found herself in front of the little gray church of the "heretics," which stood under the shadow of the great temple of San José. She did not intend to go so near the street, but the brilliant blossoms of the fire tree in the Plaza had caught her attention, and then she saw a group of children playing about the door. "They are not afraid," she reasoned. "For once I should like to see what these blasphemers are doing. Protect me, Holy Mary, for am I not going to give Thee six candles for thy altar!"

It was too late to see anything, however, for even then the doors were being closed by the sexton and a young teacher came out with her arms full of lilies, followed by half a dozen children carrying empty baskets. They had been decorating for the early service of Easter morning and were keeping the lilies fresh for the processional.

Esperanza shrank back alarmed, but the teacher, who was only a girl herself, had seen the black attire and the worn, sad face, and she understood, for she too had known sorrow.

"Will you not carry home some of these lilies?" she said, smiling. "They are for Easter morning to show you how life comes out of the dark earth and tells us that we and our dear ones may hope to rise again."

"Do you really believe that, Señorita?" exclaimed Esperanza, carried away by her interest. "I would not care how long I waited, even years and years, if only I might know that Roberto is living somewhere, somehow."

"That hope is all in life to me," said the girl, simply. "Because Christ rose, your friends and mine shall rise again. Do you not remember how Mary Magdalene and the other Mary came first to the sepulcher to find their Lord?" Esperanza shook her head. She had never read the gospel story. She had heard of the Marys, but that was all.

"Come here again to-morrow at sunrise," said the señorita. "I must go now, but I will meet you then. My name is Mary too, and I love to think that if I come early I shall meet my Lord. You shall hear our beautiful hymns of the Pascua and then you will feel sure that the Lord has risen."

Obeying some strange new impulse, Esperanza said eagerly, "Yes, I will come. I do not care what happens to me if this heavy load on my heart can be lightened. Until to-morrow!" and she fled hastily, as a group of young priests came across the street, throwing a stone or two upon the roof of the church as they passed.

It was an almost sleepless night for Esperanza. Her sisters and friends were having a great supper after the fasting of Lent was so happily over. Her mourning garb was an excuse for absence, but the merriment could be heard a block away. On her pillow she faced the question again and again: "Could she dare enter the condemned church of the Protestants? She would have to confess it, but not for a long time. Yes, she would risk it for once, perhaps no one would know it." Soothed by her decision, she at last dropped into a quiet slumber.

In the gray dawn she awoke with a start. She was used to early mass and, throwing her black shawl about her, she hastily left the house and hurried to the church.

Within was a mass of fragrant bloom. There were no altars, no saints, no gorgeous vestments; but green palms in pots and in branches together with bouquets of white lilies and roses were grouped under the large stained window through which the rays of the morning sun were beginning to stream. A group of quiet people had gathered in the pews, and a young man was reading as she entered and sat in a retired corner.

For a few moments the unaccustomed surroundings distracted her attention, but then she was enthralled by the beauty of the story. Were the words meant for her? "I know that ye seek Jesus who hath been crucified. He is not here, for he is risen éven as he said."

When the reading of the wonderful passage had ended with the inspiring promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," there followed some simple words of explanation and of experience bringing to all the hearers the vision of a risen Lord. It seemed so plain that she could not believe it. Christ had risen and had promised that those who believe in him shall also rise and walk with him in a new and blessed life.

It was a strange thing to Esperanza to hear the prayers that followed,

from the lips of one and another of the humble worshipers. There were words of confession, of sorrow for sin, but all were full of a triumphant hope, and of love for Jesus the risen Saviour. "These Protestants are not blasphemers," she thought. "They know something that I do not. My heart was never so light since Roberto left me."

But now the last hymn had ended and she felt a hand on her arm and a radiant face looked into hers. "Are you not glad you came?" said her friend of yesterday. "Yes," exclaimed Esperanza eagerly, "and you must tell me more of the words I heard to-day."

"Come with me into the garden," said the other Mary, "and we will walk together. You must tell me your name because you are going to be my friend."

"It is Esperanza, at your service."

"Oh what a beautiful name for Easter! Do you not know what it means? It is Hope, the most beautiful word in the world—after love."

"Yes, Señorita, my heart tells me that this is a day of hope for me. I will tell you my story and you shall tell me if I may keep the book."

So, back and forth under the trees the two walked, while the sun mounted higher and higher. Such a wonderful thing had happened! It was the Señorita María who had taught the evening class in English which Roberto had attended during the last weeks before he went north; and she had given him the book, a Gospel of Matthew. He had told her about Esperanza and the baby, and had said that he was going to ask his wife to come with him some day. But she was so afraid of the Padre's displeasure he had waited a little while before showing the book. Then the marching orders came and all was forgotten.

It was like a message from the dead to Esperanza. Roberto had read the words of comfort she had just heard; he had wanted her to know; he had said that his wife was very lovely and that the baby was the brightest anybody had ever seen. "Now I do not care what they say," she exclaimed joyfully. "I shall read the book. I will come again and learn how to pray for myself and maybe I shall learn to be happy again. Thank you, dear friend Mary. My godmother gave me my name, but until to-day I have never deserved it. You have given me the most precious of Easter tokens, and I shall bless you all my life."

And the señorita, whose own heart had been longing for the sight of dear ones she had "loved long since and lost awhile," felt that for her too the stone was rolled away. "It is worth all the sacrifice," she murmured, "if I may help to open unto any of these dear Mexican people a "Door of Hope."

OUR BOOK TABLE

A New Immigration Policy and The American-Japanese Problem.
Two addresses by Prof. Sidney L. Gulick.

It is a well-known and acknowledged fact that American missionaries, highly educated and broad-minded, become so well acquainted with the problems of the people among whom they dwell that their opinion on international questions is of highest value. Dr. John Butler who has lived for thirty years in Mexico City and Rev. John Howland of Chihuahua must know more about the situation in Mexico than any representative from our Government who knows neither the language nor the peculiarities of the people. It is an interesting sign of the times that Dr. Sidney L. Gulick, of the famous missionary family, should be called to America by the Federal Council of Churches, the Carnegie Peace Foundation and the Laymen's Missionary Movement to visit prominent cities and lecture before churches, Chambers of Commerce, city clubs and other organizations.

He has already appeared before the Senate Committee in Washington that was considering the Immigration Bill.

His suggestion that immigration be limited to 5 per cent annually of those already naturalized with their American-born children would preserve the self-respect of the Asiatics and would banish any alarm in this country as to a "yellow peril." Advanced Asiatics do not hesitate to affirm that they have much more to fear from the arrogance of the white races than we have to fear from the invasion of the yellow races. Professor Gulick speaks of Japan's gratitude for American friendship and there is a similar feeling in China. He questions whether it is wise policy to allow friendship to change to animosity and good will to enmity.

Professor Gulick has been from the beginning one of the vice presidents of the American Peace Society of Japan. Now that Andrew Carnegie, with his gift of two million dollars, has enlisted the co-operation of the Christian Church in the Peace Movement we may look for a speedy and powerful advance in the right direction.

Dr. Sato, president of the Tohoku Imperial University, has come to the United States to lecture at fifteen American Colleges as an exchange professor for the Carnegie Foundation for World Peace. Dr. Sato was a classmate of President Wilson at Johns Hopkins University. He says that Japan owes much to America in their educational system. All children at six years of age must be sent to school and 98.2 of all Japanese children are attending school.

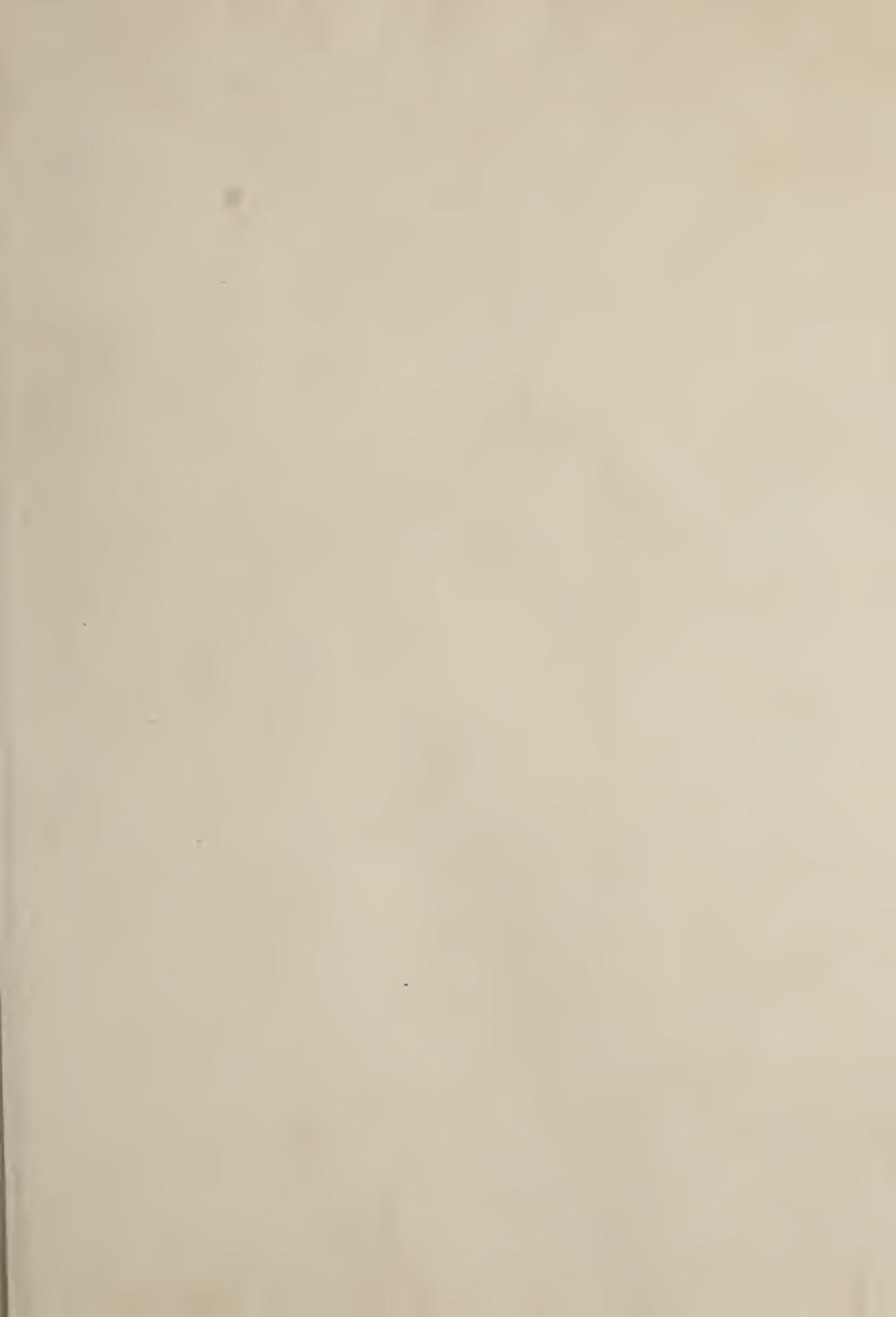
Dr. Sato himself has been a Christian since 1877, and he asserts that there is no longer opposition to the spread of the doctrines of Christianity in the Empire. Professor Gulick and Dr. Sato together should accomplish much for the establishment of peace and righteousness in our relations with the Sunrise Kingdom.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS

Receipts from February 1 to March 1, 1914

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer

Friend, 25; Friend, 5; Mrs. George A. Eddy, 100,	130 00	H. M. Bacon, in memory of Miss A. M. Manning, 6; Westford, Aux., 25,	43 00
MAINE.		<i>Old Colony Branch.</i> —Miss Frances J. Runnels, Treas., 166 Highland Ave., Fall River. Fairhaven, S. S., 2.12; Somerset, Pomegranate Band, 6,	8 12
<i>Eastern Maine Branch.</i> —Mrs. J. Gertrude Denio, Treas., 347 Hammond St., Bangor. Bangor, Hammond St. Ch., Ladies, 26.12, S. S., 2.05; Brewer, First Ch., Ladies' Aid Soc., 20; Dexter, Aux., 8; Lincoln, Jr. C. E. Soc., 1,	57 17	<i>Springfield Branch.</i> —Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas., 1078 Worthington St., Springfield. Holyoke, Second Ch., Women's Guild, Th. Off., 179.60; South Hadley Falls, Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. F. E. Whittemore), 40; Springfield, Faith Ch., Ladies' Aid Soc., 25, South Ch., Aux., 91.35,	335 95
<i>Western Maine Branch.</i> —Miss Annie F. Bailey, Treas., 52 Chadwick St., Portland. Sanford, North Parish Ch.,	16 04	<i>Suffolk Branch.</i> —Mrs. Frank G. Cook, Treas., 44 Garden St., Cambridge. Friends, 200; Auburndale, Aux., 95; Boston, Friend, 100, Mrs. F. Jewett Moore, 100, Central Ch., Aux., 580, Mrs. Edward C. Moore, 50, Miss. Study Cir., 205.49, Mt. Vernon Ch., Aux., 8, Guild, Friend, 25, S. S., 25, Old South Ch., Aux., 460, Union Ch., Monday Eye Club, 60; Brighton, Aux., 2; Brookline, Harvard Ch., Y. L. F. M. S., 170, Prim. Dep., S. S., 15; Cambridge, First Ch., Aux., 28.50, Prim. Dept. S. S., 13, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., Mrs. Sarah H. Dow, 20, Miss Helen G. Dow, 20, Miss Hattie E. Dow, 20, Y. L. M. C., 25; Chelsea, First Ch., Aux., 100; Dedham, Chicatawbot Club, 25; Dorchester, Harvard Ch., Woman's Benev. Soc., 10, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 10, Second Ch., Aux., 46, Village Ch., Aux., 4.40; Foxboro, Aux., 40; Hyde Park, Aux., 75; Newton, Eliot Ch., Woman's Assoc., 45; Newton Centre, First Ch., Aux., 115; Newton Highlands, Aux., 31.52, Jr. C. E. Soc., 9; Newtonville, Central Ch., Guild, 15, Queens of Avillion, 30; Norwood, W. F. M. S., 150; Roxbury, Eliot Ch., Aux. (Th. Off., 27.50), 40.50, Imm.-Walnut Ave. Ch., For. Dept., 158, C. R., 4; Roxbury, West, Woman's Union, 5, Anatolia Club, 4; Somerville, Broadway Ch., Earnest Workers, 2.57, Highland Ch., Women Workers, 15, Prospect Hill Ch., Prim. Dept. S. S., 1, Winter Hill Ch., Dau. of Cov., 10; Somerville, West, Lower Lights, 15.61; Wollaston, Park and Downs Ch., 14.13; Walpole, Far and Near Club, 1; Winthrop, Aux., 5,	3,203 72
Total,	73 21	<i>Worcester Co. Branch.</i> —Mrs. Thomas E. Babb, Jr., Treas., 18 Shattuck St., Worcester. East Douglass, Second Ch., 35.70; Holden, Aux., 25; Whittinsville, E. C. A. D. Band, 12.84; Worcester, Memorial Ch., Coral Workers M. B., 3, Old South Ch., Cl. 24, 5,	81 54
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		Total,	4,925 99
<i>New Hampshire Branch.</i> —Miss Elizabeth A. Brackett, Treas., 69 North Spring St., Concord. Brentwood, Ch., 4.50; East Sullivan, Ch., Mrs. A. A. Ware, 2; Hudson, Ch., 7.50; Manchester, First Ch., Aux., 80.58, S. S., 1.92; New Castle, Ch., 3; Wolfboro, Aux., 10,	109 50	LEGACIES.	
VERMONT.		<i>Boston.</i> —Emeline Porter Barnes, by Herbert H. Barnes and George W. Barnes, Extrs.,	5,000 00
<i>Vermont Branch.</i> —Miss May E. Manley, Treas., Box 13, Pittsford. Pittsford, S. S., 5.27; St. Johnsbury, North Ch., S. S., 5; Sheldon, Aux., 5.73,	16 00	<i>Oxford.</i> —Mrs. Sarah Proctor Joslin, by Elliott P. Joslin, Extr.,	1,000 00
MASSACHUSETTS.		<i>Roxbury.</i> —Mrs. Anna C. Sargent, by Edmund D. Codman, Extr.,	2,000 00
<i>Andover and Woburn Branch.</i> —Mrs. E. S. Gould, Treas., 58 Thorndike St., Lawrence. Bedford, United Workers (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. E. G. Pierce), 40; Lexington, Hancock Ch., Girls' Club, 35; Lowell, High St. Ch., Aux., 25; Wakefield, Aux., 57.96,	157 96	<i>Stockbridge.</i> —Miss Elizabeth H. Brewer,	
<i>Barnstable Association.</i> —Miss Carrie E. Mitchell, Treas., South Dennis. Orleans, Miss. Soc., Miss Amelia Snow,	35 00		
<i>Berkshire Branch.</i> —Miss Mabel A. Rice, Treas., 118 Bradford St., Pittsfield. Housatonic, Aux., 12; Lee, First Aux., 290; Pittsfield, South Ch., Aux., 25.53; Windsor, Ch., 3. Less expenses, 83 cts.,	329 70		
<i>Essex North Branch.</i> —Mrs. Nicholas C. Johnson, Treas., 300 Main St., Haverhill. Friend, 1; Bradford, Aux., 7; Newbury (So. Byfield), Helen Noyes M. B., 10; Newburyport, Belleville Ch., Girls' Travel Club, 10, C. R., 2.50,	30 50		
<i>Franklin County Branch.</i> —Miss J. Kate Oakman, Treas., 473 Main St., Greenfield. Greenfield, Second Ch., Aux., 10; Northfield, Aux., 38, Evening Aux., 4; Shelburne, Jr. S. S., 10; South Deerfield, Aux., 8,	70 00		
<i>Middlesex Branch.</i> —Mrs. Frederick L. Claffin, Treas., 15 Park St., Marlboro. South Framingham, Miss Elizabeth Merriam, 250; Wellesley, Wellesley College, Y. W. C. A., 300,	550 00		
<i>Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.</i> —Mrs. Mark McCully, Treas., 115 Warren Ave., Mattapan. Braintree, Aux., 28; Plymouth, Aux., 35, S. S., Prim. Cl., 6.25, C. R., 6.25; Weymouth and Braintree, S. S., Prim. Dept., 5,	80 50		
<i>North Middlesex Branch.</i> —Miss Julia S. Conant, Treas., Littleton Common. Dunstable, C. E. Soc., 3; Littleton, Aux., 7,			



For use in Library only.

For use in Library only

I-7 v.44
Life and Light for Woman

Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library



1 1012 00316 7493